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For The Child's Paper.

THE LOST PURSE.

One bright morning in July, a Sabbath-school in the city of P— assembled on board the steam-boat for an excursion to Rocky Point, a delightful summer resort some fifteen miles down the bay. The day was admirably suited to the occasion, and it was easy to see in the animated faces of the children that a fine time was anticipated. A band had been engaged, and so between the music and the children's singing, the hour required for the trip passed quickly and pleasantly away.

When the party arrived at the Point, they formed a procession, and marched for a short time, but soon dispersed in different directions, after having been instructed to meet again for a clam-bake at the sound of the dining-bell. Each teacher looked after his or her scholars, and thus all were kept from any danger or mischief.

An hour or two had passed, when I noticed two boys about ten years old talking together on some very interesting subject. Unconsciously they raised their voices, and I heard the elder one say,

"But, Frank, I don't think it is exactly dishonest; I found the money fair enough, and now why shouldn't I spend it?" "Because it is not yours, Ed. Somebody here has lost it, and I think you ought to try to find the owner." "It would give each of us a ride in the fandango, besides some ice cream." "Yes, I know it, Ed; but we could not enjoy ourselves very much thinking how disappointed somebody must feel at losing their money." "Well, I suppose I ought to mention it to Mr. Gray then," said Edward, "for you know our teacher said if any article was lost or found, we had better speak to the superintendent about it." "There he is now," exclaimed Frank, and away they hastened to meet him.

Although not connected with the school, yet I had become so interested in this question of right and wrong, that I was anxious to see how the matter terminated, and so I walked after the boys towards their superintendent. When I came up to them, I heard Mr. Gray saying, "She will be so glad, for it was money her mother gave her for herself and little brother. If you will come this way, I will show you the little girl." On walking a short distance, we came to a rustic seat, where a lady sat with her class around her. She was endeavoring to comfort a little girl who was crying. "Margie," said Mr. Gray, "look up and see what this boy has found for you. See, here is your money, purse and all." The child raised her head, and the blue eyes glistened as she said, "Oh, I am so glad, for it was all the money mother could give us, and Willy would have been so disappointed if he had not had his shilling;" and then looking at Edward, she said, "I will give you half of mine, for you were very good to bring it to me instead of keeping it yourself."

The color rose into Edward's face as he contrasted her generosity with his previous selfishness; but he made an effort, and manfully replied, "No, I thank you. I ought to tell you how much I wanted to keep it, and how Frank urged me not to. He ought to have the praise." Mr. Gray, who had been listening, then said, "So you were tempted to keep the money." "Yes, sir." "But now that you have overcome the temptation, assisted by Frank, do you not feel happier than if you had spent it?" "Oh yes, sir," replied Edward, "and I hope I shall never be so wicked again." "I hope not," said Mr. Gray, "and I want you all to remember that a good action always brings its own reward, and that no one can be happy who is not strictly honest in all the affairs of life." Then turning to Frank, he added, "And I am happy indeed to know that you exerted so good an influence over Edward. Always endeavor, my boy, to do others good, and you will be a blessing to all who know you."

Children, will not you all try to have your influence on the right side?

L. C. S.

NEW ZEALANDER'S ARGUMENT.

Some white men from a Christian land engaged natives in New Zealand to go with them on a journey, to carry their luggage. The Sabbath overtook them on the road. The men wished to go on, but the natives, who had been under the pious instruction of missionaries, said, "No, no, it is the Sabbath; we must rest." The travellers, however, went on, and left their attendants behind, who in good time arrived safely with the goods; but the men refused to pay them, because they would not travel on the Sabbath.

"What are we to do with the law of God?" asked the natives.

"What have we to do with the law of God? What is that to us?" cried the men angrily.

"You have much to do with that law," answered one of the natives firmly. "Were it not for the law of God, we should have robbed you, taken all you had, and set you adrift; perhaps we might have murdered you. You have that much to do with the law of God."



For The Child's Paper.

HOUSEKEEPING IN THE WOODS.

Lucy went to school angry with her mamma. She wished she was somebody's else little girl. In school, she wondered if she could not take care of herself. Pussy took care of herself; birds took care of themselves. She was bigger than they, and why could not she? In this inquiring state of mind Lucy came from school. It was early, school was dismissed at four, and a delightful June afternoon. "Go a little my way," said Caty Parker, who lived on Washington-road. "Yes," answered Lucy, for she thought of the woods in that direction. The children went hand in hand, Lucy rather sober, as a little girl meditating how to take care of herself might well be. "Good-by," said Lucy on reaching a stile and a path which led to the woods. "Run home, Caty, as fast as you can, and I'll see you till you get round the willows." Caty thought it was very kind, and away she ran as fast as she could, feeling very safe with Lucy to look after her.

Out of sight, Lucy jumped over the stile, and took the path to the woods. "Could n't I live here," said she, "and be nobody's little girl?" Ah, she little thought what a pitiful time Nobody's children have. "Squirrel, squirrel," cried Lucy, catching sight of one skipping up a tree, "I have come to live with you;" but squirrel took no notice of her. "Blue-jay, blue-jay," cried Lucy, "I come to live in the woods with you." With that blue-jay flew off. Not a very cordial reception on the part of the Woods' family certainly. The little girl strolled round in the sweet-smelling forest, and at last found some acorns. "The acorn-cup I'll drink out of," said she, and with that she began to think of supper. She spread a smooth rock with oak leaves and acorn-cups. Her table was laid, but the bread and butter! Ah, the whole woods could not provide a single slice. So she hunted and found some red berries, about six; the birds ate the rest. There was a brook near, and she ran to fetch some water in her cups. It was only a drop at a time, and she was so thirsty. But Lucy could not complain; yet she thought if the woods had a great closet full of good things, as her mamma had, it would be much better. Ah, if she was not willing to live under home rules, she must not expect to have home blessings.

Lucy ate her six berries and drank from her acorn-cups, and as you may suppose, while her fancy was much pleased, her hunger was not in the least satisfied; but she tried to think it was. As Lucy grew tired roaming round and climbing up and down the bank of the brook filling her cups, it was impossible not to think of bedtime. A golden light seemed to fill the woods, and she hoped it did not grow dark there under the trees, as it did at her mamma's house, for then she should have to go to bed. But while she was enjoying the beautiful light, it seemed slowly to go out; and the tall trees looked like great grim giants standing over her. Lucy wished they could speak. She wished they could understand how it was with her, and cover her over with their leaves. As that would have been turning over a new leaf, the trees showed no disposition to do it.

It grew dark and darker, and Lucy lost the path. Her heart beat quickly. She wished she could find a large nest to crawl into. If the ground sparrows had only built her one. You see she was

perpetually finding out what a helpless little creature she was, not half as able to take care of herself as the birds are. God knew best what to do with little children when he gave them mothers and fathers to take care of them.

At that moment she heard a frightful noise near her. An owl, I suppose, which did not mean to frighten her, only Lucy, being where she had no business to be that time of night, was terribly frightened. She ran screaming, without knowing where, and at last came suddenly against a stone wall. Where was she? Oh, where? Lucy cried bitterly. Happily a man and his dog were going along the road in the dark, and the man cried out, "Halloa! Who's there?" "I," cried Lucy, piteously. "Who's I?" asked the man in a friendly tone. "Lucy Ann Davis, and I want to go home to my mother," said the little girl in a humble and sobbing tone. "Are you Squire Davis' child?" asked the man, lifting her over the wall; "if so, how came you here?" Lucy said she was, and that was all; and she clung fast to the kind man's hand, and went with him, who promised to take her home. When they reached home, the whole neighborhood was in alarm about her. The little girl spied her mother in the door, and tired as she was, gave one bound into her arms. "Oh, mamma," she cried, penitent and broken-hearted, "I am your own little girl for ever, and I love God for giving me good mamma to take care of me. God knows best." And so this doubtful experiment of setting up for herself taught her how dependent she was on others, and made her an obedient, loving child ever afterwards.

H. C. H.

For The Child's Paper.

THE POOR DRESSMAKER.

A little orphan girl lived with her grandmother. There were only those two. They were very poor, but very neat and tidy. Perhaps I should say they were rich in one thing; they had a Bible; and in the Bible they found God a tried Friend. In the Bible they found Jesus Christ a precious Saviour. In the Bible they found a beautiful garment; that was holiness. In the Bible they found a beautiful ornament; that was a meek and quiet spirit. In the Bible they found a house not made with hands; that was heaven. So the old grandmother and the little girl were not so poor after all. They were richer by far than people with a plenty of money who had not found these. The little girl's name was Sarah Martin.

When Sarah was old enough, she had to earn her living, and as she was too slender to do hard work, her grandmother thought she had better learn dressmaking. For this purpose she had to go to Yarmouth. Yarmouth was a town three miles from the village where they lived, and she used to walk in in the morning, and out at night. Was n't she afraid? Sarah was so sweet-tempered and good, I am sure nobody would harm her; and then she put her trust in God, and she knew he would take care of her. By and by, she began to earn a shilling a day by pretty diligent sewing, and she was very thankful for it.

The court used to hold its sittings at Yarmouth, and one day a woman was going to be tried for cruelly beating her little child. Awful stories were told about her, and everybody's blood curdled at hearing them. She was lodged in the jail. Sarah used to pass the jail going to and from her work; and she as well as everybody else looked up to it as they passed, thinking of the cruel creature in it.

Did Sarah hate her? Almost everybody did, judging by their talk. Did she despise her? Did she call her "horrid," "awful," and all the hard names she could think of? No. Sarah loved her. "That is strange," you will say. Well, she did; and I think she was the only person in all Yarmouth that had a spark of love for her. If Sarah did love her, what then? You know love well enough perhaps to know that it always wants to be doing something. Love, you may depend, is very industrious. But what could poor Sarah Martin's love do? She thought she should like to go and see the woman. But that great, black, ugly-looking jail, who would have a heart to go

there? It seemed even to smell wicked. She, however, stopped one morning at the porch and knocked, and when the jail-keeper came to the door, she asked leave to visit the poor creature who beat her child so. "No," said the jail-keeper, eyeing her, "you can't go." This looked as if her love was n't of much use; so she turned and walked sorrowfully away to her work.

A few days after, she stopped at the porch again. "It must have been curiosity," you say. You can judge when you know more. Let me tell on. She knocked, and the jail-keeper came, and again he saw modest little Sarah Martin at the door. She asked what she asked before, and he said, "Yes," and let her in, and told the turnkey to conduct her to the right cell. "Curiosity!" I dare say, he thought; yet he would not say "No" a second time. Sarah followed the turnkey through the long, dark, damp passages of the big jail, with their small, high, grated windows, which we should think the cheerful sun would hardly condescend to look into, only that the sun is not at all proud; it visits the lowly just as much as the high, and always the poor prisoners when it can get in; as Sarah Martin has, for by this time she is directly opposite the cell, and the turnkey is rattling his huge keys, and unlocking the big lock, and the iron door is swinging open, and Sarah is face to face with the bad woman. I wonder if she minds the straw bed, and the dirty coverlet, and the miserable, comfortless look every thing has. The woman—she has a horrid expression in her eye—stares at her unexpected visitors. "What you come here for?" she asked Sarah in a harsh voice.

"I come," answered Sarah meekly, "because I love you. You are guilty and miserable, and I come to tell you of God's mercy, and the comfort you can find in the grace of his dear Son." Oh, that kind tone, that pitying eye! The woman knew in a minute that she had got a friend; and the poor sinner burst out crying, and thanked her for coming. What the law and the officers of justice and the jail and jail-keeper could not do, Sarah Martin's Christian love did; it softened her hard heart, and paved the way for her amendment. It was a good visit; the first, but not the last.

She went again and again, and the other prisoners hearing of her, wanted her to come and see them. She always carried her little Bible with her, for that she called the prisoner's friend, and read to them, and instructed them in its precious truths. Old grey-headed criminals wept as they listened to her; thieves, pickpockets, wicked sailors, and bad boys respected her; and as she read, prayed, and felt for them by turns, it seemed as if an angel had come. They saw how blessed it was to be good, and for the first time in their lives, perhaps, longed to be good themselves; their wicked ways never seemed so wicked. Sarah found a great many of them could neither read nor write, and she felt she must have the privilege of teaching them. Where was she to get the time? "I thought it right," she says, "to give up a day in the week from dressmaking to serve the prisoners." Poor as she was, nobody ever paid her for the time; yet she said, "It was now a pecuniary loss, but it was ever followed with abundant satisfaction, for the blessing of God was on me." Oh yes, God paid her. She found such delight in his service as nothing in this world could give. The Holy Spirit helped her every step of the way, otherwise it would have been a very hard task.

A poor dressmaker giving up one-sixth part of her working time to do good among the worst of society in a common jail, must make a good many of us ashamed. How backward we are even to make one visit to the needy; how loath even to try to save a poor soul from ruin. How unbelieving about the Holy Ghost helping us, or the Lord Jesus receiving poor sinners, if we do try.

At last the old grandmother died, and left Sarah an income of fifty dollars a year. She then moved into Yarmouth, and took two small rooms in a poor part of the town. But her dressmaking began to fall off; it quite fell off. Ought she not to give up the poor prisoners, and try to get back her business? Prudent people told her she ought. "No," said she with quiet firmness, "I have count-

ed the cost, and my mind is made up. If while instructing others in God's good truth I am exposed to temporal want, so momentary a privation is nothing in comparison with following the Lord in thus administering to others."

How she enlarged her labors, and finally gave her whole time to them, and refused all pay, and went home every night to her poor little lodgings tired and hungry and cold, and kindled her own fire and made her own tea, and went to bed all alone, and how God blessed and prospered her work, and filled her bosom with sweet peace and contentment, I may tell you another time.

Is not this enough to kindle in you a desire "to go and do likewise," or at least to do a small something for God and poor sinners around you?

H. C. K.

For The Child's Paper.

BAD WORDS.

A naughty word fell from Nellie's lips. She was angry, or she would not have said it, and was very sorry the moment after, especially when she heard it repeated merrily by her little brother. At first she said, "Bad word, Charlie;" but Charlie only laughed louder and repeated it the faster.

Nellie's cousin was in the room, and calling Nellie to her, she said, "I am sorry you allow yourself to say words you are unwilling Charlie should repeat. Do you wish Charlie to grow up a bad boy?" "Oh no," said Nellie. "Then be careful what he hears you say. If he learns bad words, and so becomes a bad boy, it will be dreadful for you to think you taught him." Nellie was quite sad as she thought what she had done.

"Where did you learn the word?" asked her cousin. "From Mary Jones," Nellie replied. "See what harm one girl can do. She taught you, if no one else, and you brought the word home to Charlie, and by and by you may say it somewhere else. Are you willing to teach bad words, which put bad thoughts into the minds of your playmates?" "Oh, I will try to say only good words," said Nellie, "and I won't play with Mary any more." "But," said her cousin, "it would be still better, Nellie, if you could persuade Mary to do right. Suppose you tell her, the next time she asks you to play with her, why you cannot, and beg her to leave off the habit."

"One thing more," said her cousin. "I think you would not have said the word had you not been angry. If anger makes us so forget ourselves, how careful we should be not to get angry."

Nellie spoke to Mary on the subject very kindly. "Please, Mary, do n't say such bad words," till Mary was won to think them wrong; and though it cost her no little effort, she did succeed in leaving off the habit. Our Saviour said, "Let your communication be, Yea, yea, Nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil." A. A. D.

For The Child's Paper.

ROBBING THE RAILROAD.

"I really can't see why you should not take a trip out of town Sunday by the railway. You can go to church in the country, if you are so mighty particular about it," said one neighbor to another.

"No," said Mr. Birt, "I like to have my Sabbath, and I'm not going to commit robbery."

"Robbery! and who said you were? What do you mean?" asked the neighbor in surprise.

"I mean this: the engineers, firemen, breakmen, conductors, on the railway, have as good a right to their Sabbath as I have to mine, and if I travel on that day, I shall help rob them of their Sabbath."

"I call myself honest as any body," said the other, stammering. "Don't you think you talk a little too strong when you call it robbery?"

"No; it's robbery all ways," said Mr. Birt. "I rob God and I rob my own soul when I rob any man of his chance to attend public worship; and you see it is not doing as I would be done by, and I call it robbery."

There is, alas, a great deal of this robbery committed in our town; not on the railroad, for that is Sabbath-keeping, but on the stable-keepers, hostlers, and drivers, who are robbed of their Sabbath rest, of their places in church, of their opportunities of religious instruction, and of becoming better men; and the poor beasts also are robbed of their Sabbath rest, which they need as much from week-day toil as you and I do. It is a robbery not arraigned at our courts, but it is one we may have to answer for at a higher bar.



For The Child's Paper.

THE DRINKING FOUNTAIN.

"THE Drinking Fountain movement is making great progress," says an English paper. Good. What is it? you may ask; for though I told you something about it, perhaps you may have forgotten. It is the plan of erecting fountains in the hot and dusty cities and thoroughfares, where men, women, and children, dogs, horses, and cattle can have a cool draught of pure water to slake their thirst. A drink of water is one of the greatest of blessings. Many a poor horse has died for the want of it; many a poor dog has run mad for want of it; many a poor laborer has gone to the ale-house and gin-shops, because it was easier to get these than a drink of water. A thoughtful regard for these has lately run into a fountain; sometimes erected by one benevolent gentleman or lady; sometimes by the city authorities, like this in Salford; sometimes by the workmen themselves, as when it was proposed by some kind people to set a subscription on foot for one to be put in the market-square at Oldham. "No," said the working-men, "these fountains are for our benefit; let us have the privilege of building it from our own earnings;" and they accordingly did. Here is a picture of it.

Last summer we were detained at a railroad sta-

tion, and wore away the time by looking about. One object of interest was a cattle-pen, for this was a point where cattle were sent to the great cattle markets. It was half full of cattle. The day was hot and sultry, and the poor creatures were panting with heat and thirst, and there was no well or trough, or any appliances for giving them drink. We presume this want is supplied at some of the stations, but here they were suffering. At the Chichester station, the drinking-troughs for cattle "are made great use of on market-days by hundreds of live-stock," says the dépôt-master, "and they are of very great use." They are cheaply built, and fed by a tank-pipe from the tank which supplies water to the locomotives. God has so abundantly supplied us with water, and it is so vital to our comfort, that we ought not to stint it to man or beast.

If you ever travelled in Vermont in the old chaise times, you remember the troughs found by the roadsides fed by the mountain rills, where your poor horse thankfully stopped and took a cool drink to refresh him for a quick trot over the next hill. They bespoke such a friendly people nestling among the hollows.

These fountains are good, very good—pure, free, life-giving, ever-flowing, so that no wonder the prophet Zechariah likened the best thing we can ever have to a fountain. The salvation brought us by Christ is called, as you know, a "Fountain opened for sin and all uncleanness." That is the best fountain. Oh, may we bathe in it and be cleansed; may we drink of it and be saved.

For The Child's Paper.

"ALL'S AGEN ME."

"All's agen me," said a poor creature; "the world's agen me, and I'm agen myself; for a man told me this very day as he did n't like the look of my face. Ah, it's hard to be 'bliged to say so, but all's agen me."

"I never had no chance. What chance had I to grow up with a bright, clear face, when from a baby I was taught to swig the gin-bottle and roll in the gutter? I should like to see the fellow that 'ud grow up good-looking upon hunger and filth and blows. And when I tried to be honest, folks wouldn't believe me, and so I went with fellows as seemed to pity me, and got into trouble; and then the very first time as ever I heard I'd a soul to be saved, was when I'd lost my character, and was, as I may say, done for; and since then I've tried—I have indeed, but nobody seems inclined to trust me. I tell you, all's agen me."

Many a poor creature feels just so—discouraged. Boys get discouraged; girls get discouraged; every thing goes hard with them. They have nobody to lend a helping hand. But be sure, all's not against you. There is One who loves you—Jesus Christ. He pities you; he weeps over you; he left his Father's house to come to this wicked world to die for you, to wash your sins away in his blood, to bring you to heaven. He is not against you. He came on purpose to save the lost. "Come, come unto me, and I will give you rest." When every body else cries, "Go off; get away," He says, "Come, come!" Oh, what a sweet word of welcome! And we, if we follow Christ, shall not step aside and turn our backs and speak rudely to the poor outcast, but heartily try to help and comfort him the best way we can.

"I SHALL go," cried a young man who was hastily deciding upon a course of life in opposition to his parents. "First consult the town clerk of Ephesus," said his aunt; "your grandfather would not act on an important proposition without first, he said, advising with the town clerk of Ephesus. His counsel you will find in the nineteenth chapter of Acts. It is to 'do nothing rashly.'"



WHAT MAKES ME HAPPY.

What is it makes me happiest?
Is it my last new play?
Is it doggie, ball, or hoop?
Can you, dear mamma, say?

Is it my puzzles or my blocks?
My pleasant solitaire?
My dolls, my kittens, or my books?
Or flowers fresh and fair?

What is it makes me happiest?
It is not one of these;
Yet they are pretty things I love,
And never fail to please.

Oh, it is looks and tones of love
From those I love the best,
That follow me when I do right;
These make me happiest.

BLESSED JESUS.

Saviour, like a shepherd lead us;
Much we need thy tenderest care;
From thy pleasant pastures feed us;
For our use thy folds prepare.
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us; thine we are.

We are thine; do thou befriend us;
Be the guardian of our way;
Keep from ill, from sin defend us;
Seek us when we go astray.
Blessed Jesus,
Hear young children when they pray.

Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free.
Blessed Jesus,
Early let us come to thee:

Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us do thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With thyself our bosom fill:
Thou hast loved us;
Blessed Jesus, love us still.

For The Child's Paper.

KATY AND HER CHICKEN.

Not long ago, a little girl in the Sabbath-school heard a missionary tell about the heathen children, especially the little heathen girls, how cruelly they were treated, because they were girls; put to the hardest work, and then beat if their strength gave out and they could not do it; their fathers always rough to them, and their brothers never kind; no pretty plays, no sweet kisses, no beautiful books, no pleasant schools, no god but an old stone, or an ugly block; no lovely spirit of forgiveness, no dear child's prayers, no "Now I lay me," no knowledge of Jesus Christ, the precious Saviour of the word; all rude, miserable, and down-trodden, be-

cause Jesus was not there. He would put things right, and mend the homes of these little girls and boys, and no one else could. And he had already sent them word what to do.

"He sent word by Matthew and Mark and Luke and John and Paul. But Matthew and Mark and Luke and John and Paul cannot get there without your help," said the missionary to the Sabbath scholars. "Wont you help these go and preach the gospel which tells how sin can be washed away?" The Sabbath scholars looked at the missionary with, "I am sure I want to," in all their eyes. One little girl said to herself, "Oh, I must help; I will." She went home thinking. She told her mother what the missionary said, and she said, "Suppose, mother, I was a poor heathen; should I not think it very hard if Sabbath-school children here did not send me the word of Jesus—didn't try to save my soul?" So upon the Christian principle of doing as she would be done by, she began to think what she could do. She was very poor. She had nothing to give. She was sickly, and could earn nothing. She could pray. Yes, a little child can do that; and she did: but that only made her the more want to do something besides.

The next morning her mother minded she waked up pretty early, and the first question she asked was, "Mother, is Pet mine to keep?" "Yes," answered her mother; "Pet is yours to do what you please with. Pet was a little motherless chicken about a month old, which a neighbor gave her, and which the little girl named and loved dearly. She never had a pet before. And Pet loved the little girl. It knew her voice, and used to run after her wherever she went, like a little dog. This was the little girl's "all," her treasure. "Mother," she said with a sweet seriousness, "I am going to give Pet to the missionary. I've nothing else, and I'll carry it to the minister's house this morning."

"Well," said her pious mother, "do, Katy, as you think best."



Katy gave chicken its breakfast with tears in her eyes. It pecked so cunningly, and these were its last crumbs from her hand. But mother did not like to interfere. If the Holy Spirit was teaching and strengthening her little child to give its all to Christ, she should not stop the work. So Katy stirred up the wool in Pet's basket, and put it in. Pet did not want to go in, it had rather run about the kitchen, as it was used to; for of course it did not know it was to be a missionary chicken, and if it did, I dare say it would have been too chicken-hearted to appreciate it. Katy took the basket in her arms, and set off to the minister's. Poor Katy.

I do not know what happened in the minister's study, where Katy told her story. I only know that a tear dropped from the good man's eye on the study table, and he said, "Who of my parish will give their ox, or a cow, or a sheep, or a barrel of apples, or a load of hay to preach Christ to the heathen?"

The minister bought the chicken. He paid Katy fifteen cents for it. She put the fifteen cents in the mission-box on the minister's table, and was about to take leave of her dear Pet, when the minister said, "I've nobody to take care of little chick in my house, Katy; wont you carry it home and keep it for me?"

"Oh yes, sir," she cried; and home little Katy trudged with basket and chicken, as happy as child could be. She was faithful in little, and God fulfilled his promise in making her "faithful also in much."

THE SNOW PRAYER.

"Mother," said a little girl who had just come in from the new-fallen snow, "the snow is such a pure, pure white, that I could not help saying in my heart again and again that little verse, 'Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.'"

Oh, that is a sweet prayer. Often, dear child, go alone and look to Jesus, who died to wash us from our sins, and say, "Wash me," "wash me."

"Does not God have flowers all about him in heaven?" asked our little Annie the other morning.

Yes, heaven is full of beautiful little children. These flowers will bloom in paradise for ever. Happy in that Jesus whom they love, and who loves them, their faces will shine like the stars. Beautiful flowers they will be around the throne of God and the Lamb for ever. L. B. R.

THE whole of summer is at work, not merely to make leaves and flowers and fruit, but just as soon as the leaf is largely formed, it begins also to make the bud for the next year. That bud is for the next year's blossoming, not this. So your whole life is forming the bud and seed to be developed in another life. Of what kind is it?

J. T—, in a small town in Western New York, writes that the twenty copies of The Child's Paper circulated in their neighborhood have had such a blessed influence, that he procured twenty more subscribers, and hopes to increase the list. "It has done good," he says, "in my own family. No one can read it without being benefited, and I hope all good men and women will lend a helping hand in extending its circulation."

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